

The People's Press.

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The People's Press.

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Select Miscellany.

The Search for John Smith.

John Smith married my father's great uncle's eldest daughter, Melinda Byrne. Consequently I was a relative to John.

John's family had often visited at our quiet country home, and at each visit had most cordially pressed us to return the compliment.

Last October, business called me suddenly to the city of B—, where our relatives resided, and without having time to write or apprise them of my coming, I was intending a visit to the family of Mr. John Smith.

With my accustomed carelessness, I had left his precise address at home in my note-book, but I thought little of it. I could easily find him, I thought to myself, as the cars set me down amid the smoke and bustle of —.

I inquired for my relative of the first hackman I came across.

He looked at me with an ill-suppressed grin. What was the fellow laughing at? To be sure my clothes were not of the very latest cut, and it is not just the thing for any one of the army to wear blue with bright buttons; but my coat was whole, and my aunt Betsey had secured the buttons with whitening and soft soap until they shone like gold. I repeated my question with dignity.

"Can you direct me to the residence of Mr. John Smith?"

"Mr. Smith?—he said slowly.

"Yes, sir," Mr. John Smith. He married my father's great uncle's eldest daughter, Melinda.

"I don't think I know a John Smith with a wife Melinda."

John Smith seemed to be a common noun with him, from the peculiar tone he used in speaking of that individual.

"Oh," I remarked, "then there is more than one of that name in the city?"

"I rather think there is."

"Very well, then, direct me to the nearest."

"The nearest is in West street, second left hand corner—you will see the name on the door."

I passed on, congratulating myself on the cordial welcome I should receive from John and Melinda.

I soon reached the place—a handsome house with the name on a silver door-plate; I rang the bell—a servant appeared.

"Mr. Smith in?"

"No, sir; Mr. Smith is in the army."

"Mrs. Smith—is she?"

"In the army? Oh, no—she is at the beach."

"This is Mr. John Smith's house, is it?"

"It is."

"Was his wife's name Melinda, and was she a Byrne before she was married, from Squashville?"

The man reddened and responded angrily. "I'll not stand here to be insulted! Make off with yourself, or I'll call the police. I thought that you was an entry thief, but you don't play that game on me!" and he banged the door in my face.

I a thief! If I had not been in such a hurry to find Smith, I should have given that fellow a sound chastising on the spot.

Inquiry elicited the fact that a John Smith resided in Arch street. Thither I bent my steps. A maid servant answered my ring.

"Mr. Smith in?"

Before the lady could reply, a big, red faced man jumped out of the shadows behind the door, and laid his heavy hand on my shoulder.

"Yes, sir," he cried, in a voice of thunder.

"Mr. Smith is in. He stayed at home all day on purpose to catch you, and now, by Jupiter, I'll have my revenge!"

"Sir," said I, there must be some mistake. Allow me to inquire if you are Mr. John Smith?"

"I'll inform you about Mr. John Smith in a way that you won't relish, if you don't settle damages forthwith. Five thousand dollars is the very lowest figure and you must leave the country!"

I cried, "What do you take me for? You'd better be careful or you'll get your head caved in!"

"I'll cave your head in for you, you young villain, you!" cried he springing at me with his cane.

"Oh, John, dear John!" exclaimed a shrill female voice, and a tall figure in a sea of flounces bounded down the stairway. "Don't, don't, for the love of heaven—don't murder him."

"Whom do you take me for?" cried I, my temper rising.

"It looks well for you to ask that question!" sneered the man, "you have won my wife's heart, and are here now to plan to elope with her! I've found it all out, you needn't blush, and—"

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you," said I, "but I have never seen your wife before, I perceive that she is not Melinda, the eldest daughter of my father's great uncle."

"Sir, do you deny that you are William Jones? Do you deny that you are in love with my wife?"

"I am not Jones, I have not that honor sir. My name is Parkwell, Henry Parkwell, of Squashville, and, with a bow, took myself off.

After that I called at the residence of 3 John Smiths, none of them was my Mr. Smith, and nothing occurred worthy of note.

My next Mr. Smith resided in Portland street. Thither I bent my steps. It was a very small house, evidently not the house of wealth and cleanliness. I made my way up to the front door through a wilderness of rags, broken crockery, old tin-ware, etc., scattering a flock of hens and rousing a snappish little terrier from his nap on the steps.

A Brave Iceland Girl.

FEMININE BARE-BACK RIDING—THE PARTING KISS IN THE RIVER.

Mr. S. E. Waller started for a trip in Iceland in June, 1872. He gives an account of "Six Weeks in the Saddle," in a little volume from which we get an idea of the customs of the people there. The Icelanders are almost inconveniently hospitable. It is difficult to get a farmer, who keeps you for a day or two, to accept pay. Our author seems to have done his best to requite his hosts by making himself amusing. Here we have an instance of native kindness and feminine courage.

In the morning I made a small study, and after a tolerable meal and many good wishes, we rode off. All went well until we came to the river Markafjot, which happened to be very much flooded. Not liking to attempt to swim under the circumstances, we rode on down the bank for some miles, and fortunately found a house.

Knock at the door, we asked: "Is the river very deep?" "Very," said a voice from the inside.

"Is there a man who will show us a ford?" we asked again.

"No," was the reply, "both John and Oliver are up in the mountains, but one of the girls will do as well. Here, Thor, go and show the Englishman the way."

Immediately an exceedingly handsome young woman ran out, and nodding kindly to me, went around to the back of the house, caught a pony, put a bridle on it, and not taking the trouble to fetch a saddle, vaulted on his bare back, and sitting astride, drove her heels into his sides and galloped off down the river bank as hard as she could go, shouting for us to follow.

We became naturally rather excited at such display of dash on the part of such a pretty girl, and started off immediately in chase. But though we did our utmost to catch her, she increased her distance hand over hand. There was no doubt about it; she had as much courage as ever we could boast of, and, in point of horsemanship, was a hundred yards ahead of either of us.

For about half a mile we rattled along, when suddenly she pulled up short on a sand bank.

"You can cross here," she said, "but you must be careful. Make straight for that rock right over there, and when you have reached it, you will be able to see the chain of stones we built to show the landing place."

"All right," I said. "Good bye."

She looked puzzled for a moment, and then said: "I'll come through with you; it will be safer."

"Good gracious! Bjarni, don't let her come," I said—"she is sure to be drowned, and I can't get her out with all these wet clothes on; tell her to go back."

But before I was half through the sentence, she had urged her horse into the water, and in a moment was twenty yards into the river. Of course I followed quick as possible, and, after a great deal of splashing, reached the middle of the flood. "Now," she said, bringing her horse up abreast with mine, and pointing with her whip, "there's the mark." The water was running level with the horse's withers, and it was only by lifting their heads very high they could keep their noses clear.

"Good bye," she said, "God bless you," and before I was quite aware of it she kissed me on the cheek.

I was about to return the compliment, but she was gone, and a few minutes after we saw her, a mere speck in the distance, galloping over the plain.

Kissing in Iceland is a custom similar to shaking hands here. I had thought of it in ordinary situations, but a kiss in the midst of boundless waters was, to say the least of it, strange. It was certainly the wettest one I ever had in my life.

What a Man Eats in a Life-time.

Let no boy be disheartened by the following calculation, but remember that untiring industry will enable him to come out victor in the end. Say that the boy is ten years old and is taken up into a high mountain, or a respectable hill, perhaps, will do as well, and shown the various articles he will have to consume should he live an average life-time. Surrounded with these objects, he first sees 30 oxen, then 200 sheep, 100 calves, 200 lambs, 50 pigs, 1,200 chickens, 3,000 turkeys, 253 pigeons, 140 pounds salmon, 129 pounds other fish, 30,000 oysters, 5,443 pounds vegetables, 2431 pounds butter, 24,000 eggs, 54 tons bread, 3,000 gallons tea and coffee, besides tons of fruit, barrels of sweet-meats, and hogheads of wine.

These are the figures given by Mr. Soyer, the cook of the London Reform Club, in his book, "The Modern Housewife," as the amount consumed by each individual in a life time, and they are said to be below, rather than above, the real quantity. Of course the food may be varied, but what is taken off from one kind must be added to some other. The boy may seriously apprehend that his jaws and stomach will give out before he has disposed of this vast quantity of food, but he will take courage when he casts his eye over the sleek form of one in middle life who has well nigh accomplished his task without showing the least sign of weariness. Many a man has disposed of his allotment, and is apparently ready for another job of equal magnitude, and thus will it be with the race until the end of time.

The latest style of wedding cards have the ages of the contracting parties engraved in one corner. We think there are some few persons who might seriously object to this fashion.

No denunciation is so eloquent as the silent influence of a good example.

All people find fault with their memory—but few accuse their judgment.

He who labors for mankind, without a care for himself, has already begun his immortality.

Don't expect to be called a good fellow a moment longer than you consent to do precisely what other people wish you to do.

Why should potatoes grow better than any other vegetables?—Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

Famine Scenes in India.

From the voluminous contributions to the London Daily News by its Tirthoot (India) correspondent we extract the following:

"Visiting the police stations, we found collected around it a number of beggars in a very miserable condition. One lay extended on the ground, to all appearance slowly dying. Two native doctors were calmly looking on, as were lots of policemen and other petty officials, but no one took any notice of the miserable wretch. Macdonald's relief-house is not yet finished; but he had arranged to use a house as a temporary hospital, and thither he ordered that all the diseased beggars should at once be taken, and have food distributed to them. The prostrate beggar, with assistance, slowly got on his legs, and as he stood I never saw a leaner mortal with life in him. He could not walk; but with moaning he shuffled along, nobody tendering him a supporting arm. A short time after we visited the place to which they had been taken for we were full of misgivings that the relief had not been prompt. In a straw shed we found the unfortunate squatted on the ground, all save the man of whom I have spoken, who had sunk down and seemed in the extremis, while the native doctor calmly stood outside the door enjoying the evening air. 'Has anything been done to get food for them?' I asked. 'Nothing.' By order of my companion the police inspector handed a rupee to the native doctor and bade him at once send into the bazar for food. The native doctor calmly did so, and then, strolling up to the living skeleton, gave him a push and told him it would be all right by and by.

"The food came at once, a species of parched pulse which required to be cooked. This was distributed, and among the recipients was the living skeleton. This is to say as he lay moaning a couple of handfuls were emptied out on the corner of his ragged cloth, and general satisfaction appeared to reign at this achievement. Why they might as well put a reaping hook into his hands and bade him go find his food in the field. He painfully raised himself on his elbow, looked with glassy eyes at the stuff, tried in vain to masticate a pinch of it, and then sunk back with a groan of despair. Native functionaries looked calmly on. It seemed to me that it was not well possible that the man's life could be saved, yet it was not pleasant to me that he should be allowed to die without even an effort to avert the fate. It was with some passion that I demanded cooked food should at once be sought, offering to pay the price of it. The people around stared and then began to stir themselves. Presently a man came running with some cooked rice, moistened with oil, on a plaited leaf. We raised up the sufferer, and let him see and smell the food. The skinny arm feebly went out towards it. He gathered some in his fingers and put it in his mouth. The first mouthful came nigh choking him, and I thought he was going to die in our hands with food in his mouth, but he made good the swallow, and went on eating. The food perceptibly revived him. He licked the leaf after he had eaten the rice off it, and then picked up the single grains that had fallen as he ate. I quite lost my temper when I saw the native doctor looking down on his efforts as if they were an experiment of which he was an amateur spectator. He got his drink, and then lay down, his chance of life, although still extremely precarious, materially improved. Meanwhile, the other unfortunates had gone away to cook their food, and they will starve no more."

The Subjects of Queen Victoria.

According to the imperial census of the British Dominions, taken in 1871, the Queen rules over 234,762,593 souls; her people dwell in 44,145,651 houses; the area of lands which they inhabit is 7,769,449 square miles. Her dominions are in Europe, North America, Central America, and the West Indies; in Africa, in the Indian seas, in Australasia, and in Asia. Less than 40,000,000 of the Queen's subjects are Christians; there are 35,000,000 Mohammedans, 98,000,000 Hindus, more than 2,000,000 Buddhists, and 58,000,000 heathens of all kinds. To count the people in England and Wales on the 3rd day of April 1871, it took 32,453 census-takers, supervised by 2,195 registrars and 626 superintendents. The work was done in a single night. Thirty-nine out of every 100 men between the ages of 25 and 30, and 1,242,000 women between the ages of 15 and 21 were unmarried. The "professional class," in England comprises 680,000 persons; the "domestic classes," 5,137,000; and there were 7,500,000 children; 77,000 souls inhabit Heligoland, Gibraltar, and Malta, and there are 3,789,690 British subjects in Canada. In the British West India Islands there are about 1,000,000; British Honduras and Guiana have 217,000 souls. In Africa there are 1,813,450 persons; in the Indian Seas Great Britain owns the Mauritius, with 330,460; West Australia, with 24,785; South Australia, 189,000; Victoria, with 731,528; Queensland, with 120,104; Tasmania, with 99,328, and New Zealand with 263,893 souls. In India there are twelve provinces containing 191,307,070 souls.

Opium Cure.

A case of opium cure lately reported by an English journal, is interesting as showing the power of imagination in hygienic effect. A young lady who found herself entirely under the control of opium, applied to a physician for hypodermic injections of morphia. He commenced with the morphia and water as requested, but so lessened the morphia daily, that in a short time he was using only pure water. After each application she would sleep just as under the use of morphia. This course was pursued some months, during which time topics were freely given to strengthen the system. As soon as it was safe he announced the plan he had pursued to her great surprise and joy. The number of opium drunkards in this country, especially among professional men, is said to be terribly on the increase. Women, too, of the first social rank, are among its votaries. Sad, too, to think the victims are usually found among the intellectual—at least the most emotional and sensitive natures.

"Sally," said a fellow to a girl, who had red hair, "keep away from me or you'll set me on fire."

"No danger of that," replied the girl, "you are too green to burn."

To the Officers and Friends of the Bible Cause in North Carolina.

The vacancy caused by the resignation of the Rev. P. A. Strobel, District Superintendent for the American Bible Society, has been filled by my transfer from the field of Middle and East Tennessee, to which I was unexpectedly called five years ago. The many and strong ties formed in my new home, where I had a rich experience of the Divine goodness, and my devotion to the important work opened to me there did not cause me to forget my native State, where I had spent many years in labors of love for the public welfare; and now I return to renew attachments which neither time nor distance can weaken, and to devote myself to that cause which lies at the foundation of all individual and national prosperity, and in which I can co-operate with all races and classes, and with every branch of the Church of Jesus Christ. God will bless and honor those, and only those, who honor His Word.—And it is through the Ministry of this Word alone that society is to be improved, good government secured, and the wilderness and solitary places made glad.

That department of this Ministry over which I am now placed is common ground to all denominations; and I, therefore, confidently appeal to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ and the supremacy of His revealed Truth, and to every one who would promote the public welfare to unite heartily with me in efforts to deepen and widen the interest in that administrative system which is the chief instrumentality of the Church for the publication and dissemination of the written Word.

The American Bible Society, fostered and watched over as its Agent by the Church in America, has hitherto proved faithful to its great Mission, has been most abundant in useful labors, and is now engaged in operations of immense extent and importance; and I cannot but hope that its representative in this good old State will continue to meet with a cordial reception from every class, and that the Auxiliary Societies which cover the whole territory will be actively supported by the communities in which they are located.

It is my desire, the Lord willing, to visit every part of the State; but in the mean time, the eyes of the Superintendent should rest continuously on the whole field in one view; and therefore he should be able to look and operate through others, and to regard all local officers and agents of the Bible System as his assistants, and himself as one of a united band. The responsibilities and trials of my position are very great and I deeply feel the need of sympathy and aid on the part of every one who loves the Bible Cause; and I would respectfully call upon the officers of Auxiliary Societies, and upon all others who are able to offer suggestions or to furnish information important to my mission, to put themselves in communication with me and to co-operate in unceasing efforts to supply our people with the Word of God, and to extend liberal aid to the American Bible Society in its vast and glorious work at home and abroad.

For the present, my address is Greensboro, N. C., and due notice will be given of any change.

C. H. WILEY,

Dist. Supt. for American

Bible Society in N. C.

April 24, 1874.

Taking a Newspaper.

A mechanic tells an interesting story of how he was induced to take a newspaper, and what came of it as follows:

Ten years ago I lived in a town in Indiana. On returning home one night—for I am a carpenter by trade—I saw a little girl leave my door, and I asked my wife who she was. She said Mrs. Harris had sent after their newspaper which my wife had borrowed. As we sat down to tea, my wife said to me:

"I wish you would subscribe for the newspaper, it is so much comfort to me when you are away from home."

"I would like to do so," said I, "but you know I owe a payment on the house and lot. It will be all I can do to meet it."

She replied, "If you take this paper, I will sew for the tailor to pay for it."

"I subscribed for the paper; it came in due time to the shop. While reading one noon, and looking over it I saw an advertisement of the county Commissioners to let a bridge that was to be built. I put in a bid for the bridge and the job was awarded to me, on which I cleared \$1,500, which enabled me to pay for my house and lot easily and for the newspaper. If I had not subscribed for the newspaper I should not have known anything about the contract, and could not have met my payment on the house and lot. A mechanic never loses anything by taking a paper.

A Young Man Works as a Factory Girl.

The following facts have come to light at Little Fall:

But a short time ago, a very prepossessing and intelligent girl, as was supposed, applied for and secured a situation in one of the knitting mills, under the name of Bertha Rollins. She was quite reticent in her deportment, though of an apparently agreeable disposition. Several young men of the village had become smitten of Bertha, and when she announced her intention of quitting the village, the young men grew melancholy. But Bertha left. She went to Otego and there procured a situation in a factory, but her manners at once created suspicion and it was found, after a carefully prepared plan, that Bertha Rollins was Henry Wallace, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who had been playing "girl" for a year or two past very successfully, having for several months been in a New York concert saloon employed as a waiting girl. Wallace said he assumed the role of a girl because by so doing he could get employment, and in male attire he could not.

A Greek maiden being asked what fortune she would bring her husband, replied in the following beautiful language. "I will bring him what gold cannot purchase—a heart unspotted and virtue without a stain, which is all that descended to me from my parents."

The Mississippi Flood.

The Distribution Committee meets daily at the office of the Levee Company, on Carondelet street, New Orleans, and is in session daily from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. This committee has forwarded to various points in the overflowed districts rations for one week for ten thousand persons. From the demands which reach the committee from every quarter, this is a mere drop in the bucket.

The committee needs further contributions to increase their resources to meet the urgent drafts on them for the necessities of life. No imagination can picture the horrors and sufferings of the people in many parts of the overflowed region. The relief required is most pressing. We can recall, says the New Orleans Picayune, no incident in the history of the country of such desolation and impoverishment of so great a number of our people. Proportioned to total population the misery equals that of the recent famine in India, which has excited so large a sympathy and attracted such splendid evidences of the benevolence and generosity of the British Government and people.

The New Orleans Times says:

The extent of the damage which has resulted from the great overflow is just beginning to be fully understood. That it was vast was readily conceived, but that it should involve five millions of acres, and a population of 178,000 was apparently beyond reasonable calculation, but such is really the case. In the cotton regions it is now ascertained that nine of the largest and richest parishes producing cotton have been inundated. The parishes of Carroll, Morehouse, Richmond, Madison, Franklin, Tensas, Cornwall, Concordia and Catahoula are all overflowed, and embrace fully two and a half million acres. The amount of cotton land in these parishes in actual cultivation is ascertained to be a quarter of a million acres, besides 100,000 acres in corn. These estimates include only the large places, leaving out hundreds of small farmers and all estimates for cattle, hogs and gardens. The population of these nine parishes is 20,294 whites and 54,033 black, according to the census of 1870. In the sugar-producing parishes, ascertained facts discover an equal, if not a greater, amount of ruin and suffering. These parishes are Pointe Coupee, East Baton Rouge, West Baton Rouge, Iberville, Ascension, Assumption, St. John the Baptist, La Fourche, Saint James, St. Charles, Terrebonne and Plaquemines. The overflow in these parishes covers nearly two and a half million acres, tilled and untilled, including a production of thirty thousand hogheads of sugar, besides a large product of rice, and the crops of small farmers, of whom many hundreds have lost their stock and pretty much everything else they possess. The population of these parishes, according to the census of 1870, was 50,368 whites and 72,242 blacks, making a total of 122,610, from which must be deducted the population of East Baton Rouge, as only a small portion of that parish has suffered from the overflow. That deduction being made, the parishes contain a population of 193,609. In all the parishes named it is believed that more than 25,000 persons are now in actual suffering for necessary supplies of life, and in less than sixty days, the number of those whose circumstances will require alleviation will increase to more than 58,000 persons.

MEMPHIS, TENN., April 29.—Noon.—The river is stationary, but forty miles wide. There is no change in the condition of the railroad. All former reports of the flood and sufferings are more than confirmed.

The Memphis Appeal says:

It is stated that Lake Village and one-fifth of the county of Chicot, Arkansas, are wholly submerged. Cattle, horses, wild animals and even barnyard fowls, are all destroyed, and the people suffer for the commonest necessities of life. It is estimated that five million acres of cotton land will not be cultivated because of this disastrous flood, and that the cotton crop of next year will be lessened perhaps a million bales. Planters from the lowlands state that there are thirty thousand farm laborers in absolute want—all seeking exit from submerged districts and multitudes unable to pay their passage to this city. A planter whose estate was worth, not long ago, sixty thousand dollars, came penniless on a steamer to Memphis. He had expended everything in furnishing food to negroes, and then, hopeless and helpless, he left them to starve or escape as best they could, in the midst of a sea of waters. The suspension of business by banks had withdrawn money from circulation, and the least possible was found in the lowlands. Even before the overflow there was unexampled want in the midst of these rich estates, and now the white people that remain in their desolated homes are pale with anxiety, or because of long exposure to the action of this humid atmosphere.

VICTIMS TO ROPE JUMPING.—Katie Martin whose parents reside at Newark, N. J., went to bed very much exhausted, after jumping a rope three hundred times in succession, and next morning was found dead in bed.

A similar fatal accident, the result of exhaustion from the playful exercise of jumping rope, occurred some time since in South Washington, the victim being a girl nine years of age, named Mary A. Shugrue. She had, with some companions, been indulging in the sport above named, and in her ambition to excel the rest, fell to the sidewalk, congestion of the setting in.

A beautiful lady was kissing and caressing her beautiful little lap-dog: "Ah, Mariah!" exclaimed her foppish admirer, "why not grant me the favor you are wasting on Fido?" "I don't kiss every puppy," replied the pouting fair one.

When a Cincinnati man goes up to a bar to drink, and is asked what he will have, he says: "Give me some headache and a family fight," and the bar tender knows just which bottle to hand down.

Slaves are of different kinds, and I treat them different meanings.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Post Office Directory.

Salem, N. C., Post Office Arrangement.—Office hours from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. during the week, and on Sunday from 7 a. m. to 8 a. m.
TIME OF ARRIVAL AND CLOSING THE MAILS
 Railroad, from Greensboro to Salem, closes every day, except Sundays, at 9 p. m.; due every day, except Monday, by 3 a. m.
 Mount Airy mail, via Old Town, Bethania, Little York, Tom's Creek and Flat Shoals, closes Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8 a. m.; due, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, by 12:30 p. m.
 Madison mail, via Sedge garden, Germantown and Walnut Cove, due, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, by 3 p. m.; closes, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 8 a. m.
 Jerusalem mail, via Friesberg, Miller's Mill, Elkhartville and Patton, closes every Friday at 7 a. m.; due, every Saturday, by 7 p. m.
 Jonesville mail, via Mt. Tabor, Vienna, Red Plains and East Bend, due every Friday, by 7 p. m.; closes every Saturday, at 6 a. m.
 Walkertown mail, via Salem Chapel, White Road, Telew's Creek Mills and Blakely, closes every Friday, at 4 p. m.; due, every Saturday, by 7 p. m.
 Farther Creek mail, via Lewisville, closes every Saturday, at 7 a. m.; due, by 8 p. m.
 H. W. SHORE, P. M.

Town Elections.

At the municipal elections on Monday, the following officers were chosen:

SALEM.—Mayor, E. A. Vogler.
 Commissioners—J. G. Sides, Dr. T. F. Keehn, E. T. Blum, A. Fogle, Dr. J. F. Shaffner, John Fries, Christian Fogle.

WINSTON.—Mayor, T. T. Best.
 Commissioners—D. H. Starbuck, Maj. T. J. Brown, C. B. Watson, Willie White, S. W. Frabee, Jacob Tist, R. A. Barrow.

FROST.—The frost on Wednesday morning of last week, seems to have been pretty general, but not doing much damage, except to tender vegetables.

E. A. Vogler, Esq., has accepted the position of Secretary and Treasurer to the Board of Trustees of Salem Congregation and entered upon his duties, May 1st.

The office is in the N. W. corner of Rev. S. T. Pfaff's residence, opposite the Bank, where he can generally be found from 9 to 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and the remainder of the day at his home office, unless out on official business.

The CATHERPILLARS are unusually numerous and troublesome in this section.

ATTEMPT AT ROBBERY. On last Saturday evening, about 8 o'clock, a negro was discovered crouching underneath the counter, close by the money drawer, in Mr. Blickenderfer's Notion Store. He had stealthily entered the store in his stocking feet, leaving his shoes outside the door, whilst the proprietor was in the rear room, and in a few minutes more would, no doubt, have relieved the drawer of its contents, had not the entrance of a customer, just at an opportune moment, caused his discovery.

Mr. Blickenderfer and Mr. E. A. Vogler immediately took the intruder in charge and placed him in an officer's custody, and after an examination before A. Fogle, Esq., he was sent to jail. After the trial, close by where he was standing, were found several large brass keys, probably keys to some store door, evidently left by him. He gave his name as Henry Edwards and said he came up on Friday's train from Greensboro, and his accomplice from High Point on Saturday's train.

Our people must keep a sharp look out for such characters as may now come on the R. R. The Alarm Money Drawers for sale by R. A. Wommack & Co., are safe for such chaps.

BRO. MATHEWS, of the *Sentinel*, had an idea of visiting Bald Mountain, but that family letter was too much for him—the trip might prove rather a serious job, uninsured as he is, he thought. He then concluded to get after the Insurance agents, but they could not see him—rather afraid of him, fearing that the recent strains on his fertile imagination were too strong for him to survive long. He still rests uneasy.

THE SALEM NOTION AND VARIETY STORE may be wide awake and up to the time. Some may "hide their light under a bushel," not so, however, with him who is wise and believes in printer's ink.

J. E. MICKEY has just returned from the Northern cities, where he bought a large lot of SHOES, HATS, CLOTHING, MATERIAL FOR CARRIAGES and HARNESS, HARDWARE, STOVES and TINWARE. 16

Mrs. J. E. MICKEY has also, in person, selected the largest lot of MILLINERY GOODS and NOTIONS ever brought to this country. 16

HERE'S MAY.

"The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose."

This sang the "blind old bard," and a right fruitful theme has this "queen month" of the calendar been to the many worshippers of the muse, from ancient days down to our own.

May seems to be the bridal season of heaven and earth, and the whole month the honeymoon.

The rural festivities of the May Queen are still in vogue, and May is altogether synonymous with sunny weather.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—Near the bridge across Brushy Fork creek, a short mile from town, an accident happened to the 10 o'clock train, Tuesday night, caused by a landslide near a curve in the road, tearing off the cow-catcher but otherwise doing no damage. Nobody seriously hurt,—only the mail agent thrown prostrate and slightly bruised. No mail Wednesday morning.

PROF. KERR'S LECTURE on Geology, Saturday evening last, was highly interesting and instructive. The subject of Coal was selected as best adapted to the purpose of the lecturer in giving a general illustration of the formation and structure of our globe, which was done through the medium of a Sclipticon and a series of Wall Charts.

The explanations of the various diagrams and views were given in a clear and intelligent manner, and we think most of the audience left the hall with a clearer and better idea of the construction of our globe than they previously entertained.

This lecture closed perhaps the most successful course ever held in our midst, and we hope that the Reading Club and Literary Society of Salem may both feel encouraged to resume those interesting sources of instruction and amusement next fall and winter.

We would be pleased to hear from Prof. Kerr again next season, as well as from the other gentlemen who preceded him, all of whom gave general satisfaction.

WANTED!

403 CORDS OF TAN BARK.
 Salem, N. C., Mar. 23. J. W. FRILES.

CLEAN UP.—We would urge upon our citizens the propriety, yea the necessity, consistent with health, to see that their cellars and yards are cleaned from all filth and uncleanness which may have accumulated during the winter months. Sanitary measures should be strictly put in force in town and country. Rotten planks, decayed vegetables and other garbage create noxious gases, which are very deleterious to health, particularly where there is no ventilation. Extremists have even ventured to assert that "a cellar should be in such order that a person would not be afraid to sleep in it."

Much sickness is no doubt caused from foul gases from cellars and decayed timber in wells and around the premises.

SEE PATTERSON & Co's "Spring Greeting" of tip top bargains at bottom prices. Go for 'em. **FRONT & STOCKTON.**—Joe's speech is short and to the point. Turn the paper "sorter up side down" and see.

Mr. & Mrs. J. E. MICKEY very properly object to getting mixed up with Patent Medicines. We have attended to their case.

SMOKED GRAPES.—Smoked meats are common; but who ever heard tell of smoking grapes to preserve them. Sam. Mickey, however, smoked his vineyard during the late cold snap. His prospect for an abundant crop of grapes is good, while Jack Frost played havoc with others.

THE LIQUOR VOTE.—In this township the vote on Monday, was largely against license.

In Broadway Township, largely for license.—No others heard from.



**Spring Greeting,
 1874.**

We call the attention of customers and the public generally to our new and very elegant

STOCK of GOODS lately purchased in the Northern Cities at greatly reduced prices, and now

Complete in Every Department.

Our stock embraces every kind of general merchandise, and will be offered for sale at very short profits. We call special attention to our extensive line of

DRESS GOODS

in new and attractive designs, including all descriptions of White Goods; and to our full assortment of Notions, Parasols, Sun Umbrellas, and Fancy Goods. Also to our Ladies' and Gentlemen's FINE SHOES, unrivaled for beauty and durability.

We have special inducements to offer in many kinds of goods, and Farmers and Mechanics, their wives and daughters, can be supplied with every needful article, at lower prices than they have paid since the war.

Our Stock is very complete, embracing many new and useful articles. We shall continue our endeavors to win custom, and we tender to all our friends grateful thanks for numerous favors.

PATTERSON & CO.

Salem, N. C., April 28, 1874.—18.



DRAWING PAPER.
 CAP, DEMY AND MEDIUM sizes Drawing Paper just received at the
 BOOKSTORE.

THE SPRING TRADE IS OPEN, AND J. BLICKENDERFER, ALWAYS ALERT

**TO PROCURE FOR HIS CUSTOMERS ALL THE ADVANTAGES
 GOOD BUYING**
 Can give them, has enabled him to offer to the Public a
SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF GOODS.

It is unnecessary to name all the different lines of goods in Store; it is enough to say that anything ever found in a

**FIRST CLASS NOTION AND VARIETY STORE
 CAN BE HAD HERE.**

New Styles of Goods received every few days.

J. BLICKENDERFER,
 SOUTH SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE.

**NEW FAST FREIGHT LINE
 BETWEEN
 Boston, New York, Philadelphia
 and Baltimore, and the South
 and South West.**

Great Southern Dispatch Fast Freight Line, Via Norfolk, Va.

THIS FAST FREIGHT LINE is owned, controlled and operated by the Railroad and Steamship Companies in interest—the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio Railroad Company, the Baltimore & Danville R. R. Co., the Western North Carolina R. R. Company, the Old Dominion Steamship Co., the Merchants' and Miners' Transportation Co., Annamessic Line, and Clyde Steamers, and the Baltimore Steam Packet Co.—who guarantee

Bills of Lading and Rates always as Low as the Published rates of any other

LINE.

Mark Goods "G. S. D." via Norfolk, and ship as follows:

From BOSTON, by Miners' & Merchant's Transportation Co., W. M. Clark, Agent, Old State House.

From NEW YORK, by Old Dominion Steamship Co., Pier No. 37, North River. Offices, 197 Greenwich Street, and 393 Broadway, C. E. Evans, Agent.

From PHILADELPHIA, by Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore R. R. Co., (Annamessic Line) Office, 44 S. Fifth St., above Chestnut and corner Washington Avenue and Swanson St.—John S. Wilson, Agent.

From PHILADELPHIA, by Clyde & Co's Steamers, Office, 12 South Delaware Avenue. Clyde & Co., Agents.

From BALTIMORE, by Baltimore Steam Packet Co., (Bay Line) Office, 157 West Baltimore St. Edwin Fitzgerald, Agent.

Claims for losses, damages, and over charges settled promptly by Thos. Pinckney, Claim Agent, Norfolk, Va.

Freight handled carefully and forwarded promptly in through cars.

No Drayage Transfers by this Route.

For further information apply to officers and agent of the above Railroad or Steamboat Lines, or to

THOMAS PINCKNEY, Agent, Norfolk, Va.

R. A. JENKINS, Agent, Salem, N. C.

April 2, 1874.—14-3m.

DAVIDSON COUNTY.—In the Superior Court.

Sarah Hill, Widow, &c., Plaintiff.

Against

Jesse Hill, John Hill, Valentine Hill, F. A. Pickle and wife Elizabeth, Jackson Hill, T. S. Spangh and wife Sarah Frank, Hanes and wife Catherine, William Hill, Ed Hill, Martin Hill, and Reuben Hill by their Guardian, Wm. Everhard, heirs at law of Wm. Hill, dec'd, Defendants.

To the Sheriff of Davidson County—Greeting: You are hereby commanded to summon Jesse Hill, John Hill, Valentine Hill, F. A. Pickle and wife Elizabeth, Jackson Hill, T. S. Spangh and wife Sarah Frank, Hanes and wife Catherine, William Hill, Ed Hill, Martin Hill, and Reuben Hill by their Guardian, Wm. Everhard, heirs at law of Wm. Hill, dec'd, Defendants.

Summons.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, this 17th day of April 1874.

L. E. JOHNSON,

Clerk of the Superior Court and Probate Judge.

In the above case it appearing by affidavit to the satisfaction of the court, that William Hill, Jr., and Ed Hill, defendants, above named, are non-residents of this State, and are proper parties in the above entitled cause: It is ordered that the summons in this case be published once a week for five consecutive weeks in the *People's Press*, a newspaper published in Salem, in the 8th Judicial District, in lieu of personal service of said summons.

Done at office, in Lexington, this 21st day of April, 1874.

L. E. JOHNSON,

Probate Judge, and C. S. C.

Clerk of the Superior Court and Probate Judge.

In the above case it appearing by affidavit to the satisfaction of the court, that William Hill, Jr., and Ed Hill, defendants, above named, are non-residents of this State, and are proper parties in the above entitled cause: It is ordered that the summons in this case be published once a week for five consecutive weeks in the *People's Press*, a newspaper published in Salem, in the 8th Judicial District, in lieu of personal service of said summons.

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